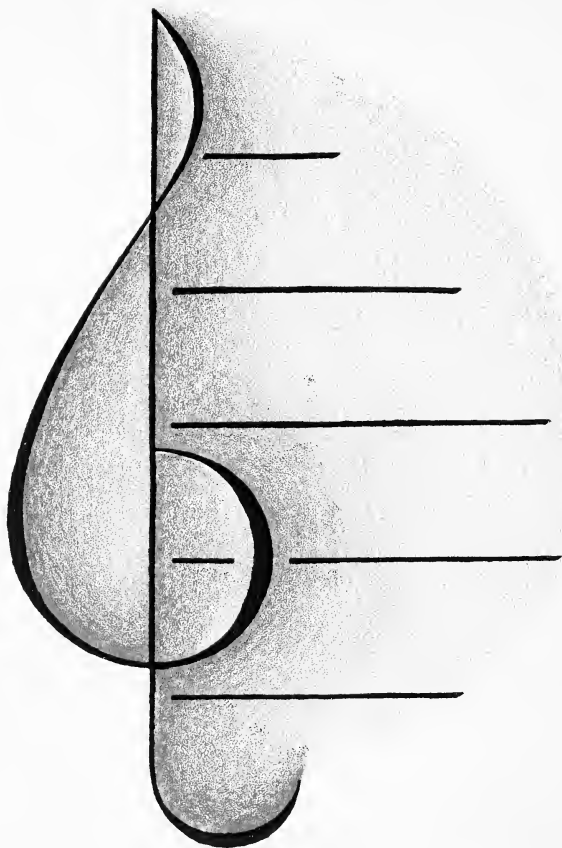


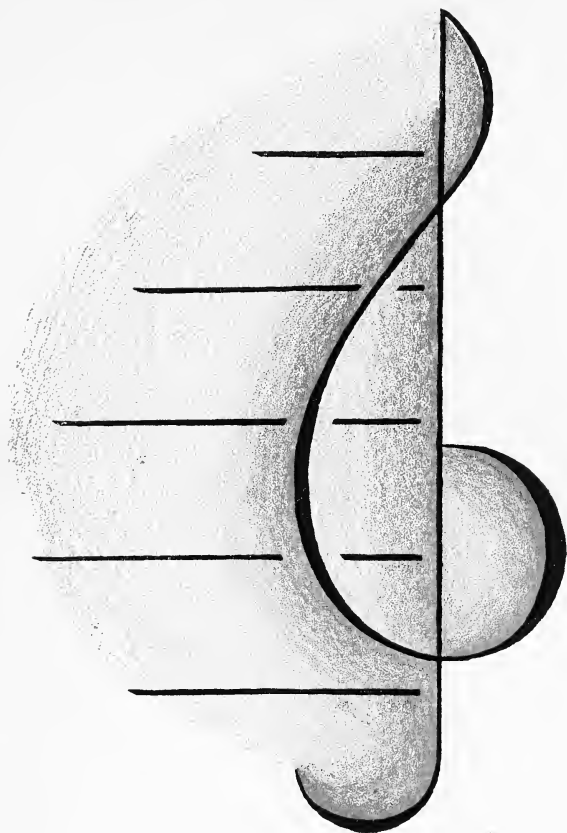
Variations



Slow ($\text{♩} = 100$)

mp espr.

Handwritten musical notation on a staff. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 5/4. The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and rests. There are dynamic markings 'mp' and 'espr.' (espressivo). A triplet of eighth notes is indicated with a '3' and a slur. The notation is written in black ink on a white background.



Variations for Piano

Vincent Porsichetti



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Variations

Yearbook



Philadelphia Conservatory of Music

Philadelphia, Penna.

TO MADAME OLGA SAMAROFF

In sincere appreciation of her many years of unselfish
devotion to the cause of the aspiring artist and teacher.

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MARIA EZERMAN DRAKE
for
The Philadelphia Conservatory of Music
216 S. 20th Street
Philadelphia 3, Pa.

1947



MADAME OLGA SAMAROFF STOKOWSKI, Mus.D.

Pianoforte Master Class



MARIA EZERMAN DRAKE
Managing Director



ALLISON R. DRAKE
Dean
Graduate Piano Department



ELSA HILGER Cellist
First Desk, Philadelphia Orchestra



BORIS KOUTZEN, Mus.D.
Violinist and Composer



EDNA PHILLIPS Solo Harpist
Formerly with the Philadelphia Orchestra 1930-1946



CLYDE DENGLER, Mus.D.
Voice, Choral Director



BRUCE C. BEACH, Mus.D.
Orchestration
Woodwind Ensemble



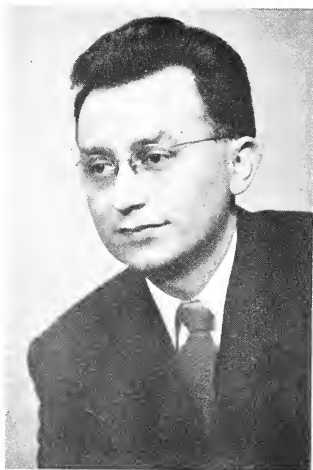
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Clarinet



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 Ear Training, Harmony
 Keyboard Harmony



EVELYN M. CHRISTMAN, Mus.M.
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YOLANDA di SILVESTRO, Italian

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EDITH ULMER
CAROLYN DILLER DENGLER
DORIS DICKENS
CLAIRE SHAPIRO
DOROTHEA PERSICHETTI

First Row

JOSEPH ARCARO
MARY ISAAC SATTERTHWAITE
WILLIAM BLESS
ANNA MAE HOFFA
JOHN DAMICO



Back Row

ANNETTA LOCKHART
MARION BRADLEY HARVEY
MARGARET COLLINS
MARGARET BUEHLER

Front Row

GRETCHEN AMRHEIN
FRANCES BARKER
PERRY O'NEILL
CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER PRICHARD
LESLEY CATHCART

Career Expectancy

Life insurance companies operate on the basis of what they call "life expectancy." As we think through what life expectancy means to those companies, we realize that it never can be a positive thing that has to do with age. The youngest person can meet with an accident or a fatal illness. However, the question of age automatically plays a great part in the theories of life insurance companies.

I would like to make an analogy between life expectancy and career expectancy. Just as life expectancy is dependent upon health and age, so career expectancy is dependent upon native talent and "musical health," the latter being a combination of proper training and sufficient work. The element of accident, however, also plays its part in connection with career expectancy and no amount of careful planning can prevent the effect of circumstance upon musical careers. The music school and all true educators must be realistic in connection with career expectancy. It is their duty to provide the possibility of a rounded education in music that will give the student the possibility of developing his highest powers in a specialty and at the same time fit him for work as an educator so that if the degree of his talent, projection power, and mastery of the instrument do not win him a high place in the larger concert field, he will still have a fine equipment for other branches of the profession.

This realism on the part of educators and music schools of a high order already exists in a marked degree; and the old type of virtuoso development which sacrificed everything, including general education, to the mastery of an instrument is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. An excellent example of this modern tendency is to be found in the new policies of the Julliard School of Music in New York. There the accent is put upon a rounded musical education to such an extent that it becomes difficult for the student to devote enough time to practice upon an instrument and achieve an outstanding measure of virtuosity.

This problem is solved to a certain extent by lengthening the period of study. At the Philadelphia Conservatory of Music the rounded education has always been the keynote of school organization, and all of us connected with the school can point with pride to the results obtained in this unusual institution.

There is no doubt, however, that it is easier for experienced educators to be realists in connection with career expectancy than for young people with understandable and laudable ambition to open their eyes to unpleasant facts, such as an oversupply in the commercial concert field, the strong American tendency to centralize music of a high order in a few large cities, and the regrettable lack of adequate and desirable conditions for resident musicians throughout the country. Our habit of importation of foreign artists, dating back to Colonial days, has a great deal to do with the psychology that attaches more importance to any visiting musical performer than to the resident musician, no matter how fine the performance of the latter may be. A campaign against such psychology is very difficult to carry out, but in my opinion the most important thing to be done in this connection is for young musicians themselves to have and to project a psychology that would combat the evils of the present situation. Only too often does one find that a local musician takes up work in some community simply because he has failed to do what he wanted to do and is forced to seek a livelihood somewhere. If we could accomplish the miracle of having young musicians deliberately taking up living in some American community on the basis of WANTING to do it, and if at the same time the calibre of such a young musician would invite respect, confidence, and admiration, I believe that the upsurge of interest in music and of a vital musical life throughout the country would be unprecedented from the point of view of national development in the arts.

As an example, if Germany and Austria had concentrated all their musical life of high calibre in Berlin and Vienna, we would never have had the Weimar of Liszt, the Meiningen of von Bulow, the Bayreuth of Richard Wagner, or the fine centers like Munich, Dresden, Leipzig,

Karlsruhe, Mannheim and Hamburg, that lent so much richness to the musical life of central Europe. Even little Holland did not concentrate all musical activities in one city but had important centers in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, The Hague, Utrecht and even a place like Groningen which afforded a worthy field of activity for many Dutch musicians who might have starved had they been forced to rely upon one city for professional sustenance.

Music happens to be the only art which can be taken anywhere in its original and highest form. We cannot have all the existing great paintings, sculpture and masterpieces of architecture in our relatively new country, but we can have all the greatest music through the medium of adequate performance. Any musician who can give such a performance is valuable and important wherever he is heard. Without vanity or unpleasant egotism he can so consider himself if he has devoted enough time and work to be able to perform the indispensable function of recreation of the great musical literature. To be able to do this, to be able to impart a similar possibility to others, to be able to achieve financial security in any part of the country, and to have the happy life that comes from the elimination of fruitless external ambition and its attendant evils of bitterness and frustration, is certainly an enviable lot compared with that of people who put all their eggs in one basket only to have it crash and destroy—sometimes at one fell swoop—their hopes and ambitions.

The "Pursuit of Happiness" which is such an essential privilege under a democratic form of government can be successfully carried on in the musical profession by musicians who are idealistic enough, intelligent enough, and basically artistic enough to withstand the evils of a highly over-commercialized concert activity in the broad field. It is my hope that every graduate of the Philadelphia Conservatory who embarks upon a professional career will understand the truths of "career expectancy" and leave the school not only a highly developed and well equipped musician, but a happy human being.

OLGA SAMAROFF STOKOWSKI

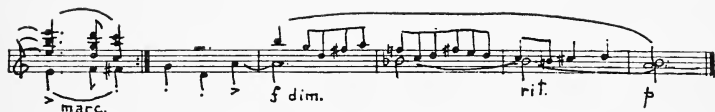


These are stirring times. If mankind is to win the race over savagery, greed, and mere personal ambition, the need to aim high and work hard will be a necessity. In fact, one must work for whatever one desires that is of any real value; and the higher his aspirations, the more continuous must be his effort.

Among music school students there are many aims often unknown or unrecognized by the students themselves. Some students have no direct aims while studying. At least they have not been crystallized as yet. Some aim to get the highest possible marks in each class while others are perfectly satisfied if they merely pass, forgetting that the more they know about each subject the better background they have whether they aspire to be a performer, composer, conductor, or teacher.

Then there are always those students in any school whose aim in life is to have a good time. Of course they practice or study enough to "get by", but they would never let their studies interfere with their enjoyments or casual way of living.

Let me mention some of these aims: to become a great performing artist; to become a great composer, conductor, arranger, or teacher, whether in private school or public school. Some aims are very broad or general, such as preparing oneself in many channels so that when the moment comes for specialization, or the opportunity for doing exactly that for which one is most suited, that person is completely ready. I know of no higher aim than that of one young student who wishes to better herself to the utmost so that she can return to her section



of the country to help the underprivileged learn in the correct way about the art of music.

There are a few young students of my acquaintance who live a full abundant life. Though they are very busy with their accepted duties of life from early morning to late at night, they always seem to have the ability to squeeze a little time doing things for others, learning about the other arts, and making themselves generally useful to society. In fact, the busiest, almost over-burdened and most accomplished person I know is Madame Samaroff, who always has time to do that something extra, often without any direct benefit to herself.

I think the secret of raising and ennobling one's aim in life is to be able to enrich his or her vocation with a helpful or contrasting form of relaxation. Is it mere amusement, or is it of lasting benefit such as that of reading great poetry, literature, visiting art museums, walking in the open air, or pursuing a hobby?

In manifold purpose lies the core to the whole realm of aims. Madame Samaroff has always striven to do whatever she did one hundred per cent, and she invariably gets one hundred per cent out of every waking day. That is why she is the great leader among leaders, be it pianist, author, lecturer, or teacher. This leadership is what we need today and tomorrow. Our future leaders must have the highest ideals and the loftiest aims in whatever they pursue, continually striving for the best in life as well as the finest in music.

ALLISON R. DRAKE

Art and Practicality

There are weddings and rumors of weddings in the Conservatory. Art and love being the fleeting things they are, it is in the interest of solidarity that I propose that at least one party to such an agreement know how to cook—and hereby quote a recipe.

This dish, a soup, if begun in the Freshman year and if replenished occasionally, can carry you through a couple of degrees and make any other cooking completely unnecessary.

WEST INDIAN PEPPER POT

The soup is composed of a large piece of salt pork, diced and fried until brown; a partially roasted fowl, cut up in the usual fricassee manner; a large onion, a dozen shallots, and a few dried chili peppers. These things are simmered slowly in a large buckpot or pipkin, and as they cook a sauce is added. The sauce consists of two tablespoons of brown sugar, half a tablespoon of salt, a teaspoon of cayenne pepper mixed with ten tablespoons of butter. Finally ten tablespoons of cassareep, the concentrated juice of the bitter cassava, is stirred in until the soup is brown in color. Now the pot must simmer for an hour or so, preferably over an open fire, and then set aside to cool for the time it takes to memorize the slow movement of a Beethoven Sonata.

On the second day the soup is boiled up again and allowed to simmer for half an hour; then it must rest a full twenty-four hours, and no doubt you will need to, too.

On the third day it boils up again and simmers, and only now is it approaching edibility. Still it is a young soup and by no means at its best. You will keep the pepper pot going by constantly replenishing its ingredients to compensate for the portion removed. It is heated up day after day, month after month, and year after year until the pipkin is well caked like an old brier pipe.

The finest pepper pot is at least a hundred years old; it passes down from one generation of Conservatory students to the next and the next, growing richer and spicier as they grow poorer but ever so much more intelligent. And when you are finally gathered to your fathers, you will leave, if not nine enduring symphonies, at least one well grown pepper pot. Furthermore, through eating this soup day after day, you will accustom yourself to intense heat. It is always well to be prepared for the hereafter.

DOROTHEA PERSICHETTI

Each year as the new students and I face each other for the first time, I wonder how many of them have come to us with a heart full of dreams and a head full of ambitions and plans for their future. Many of them, no doubt, are hoping to be able to step into their favorite artist's place the moment he abandons it.

And each year as their comprehension of fundamentals and artistic values is awakened, I see them grow, develop, and alter those plans. Perhaps they discard quite a few of those dreams, too. They "find their place" as the familiar saying goes.

But what none of us shall ever see is the heartbreak caused by the necessity of abandoning those dreams, of the disillusionment undergone because of a faulty evaluation of talents and abilities fostered by well-meaning teachers, families, and friends, and a subsequent unwillingness to investigate the real possibilities open to musicians of today.

Within us are two selves: the worldly, ambitious self which is goaded on forever by the glamour of the achievements, press build-up, and public acclaim accorded the artist as well as by successes of contemporaries. It tells us that if sufficient zeal and devotion are exercised, we, too, can stand in high places.

Then, there is our true self which may want something quite different—not so worldly or ambitious, perhaps, but something infinitely finer: namely, the development side-by-side with musical growth of character traits which make for true happiness and produce REAL PEOPLE.

If I dared, I'd like to ask each student, as a sort of 'Entrance Exam,' "Do you know yourself? What do you want from this musical experience you are undertaking? Are you evaluating your ambitions and abilities truly?"

We of the Faculty of the Philadelphia Conservatory want to graduate REAL people as well as REAL musicians.

KATHRYN R. GRUBE

Orchestral Training

It is said that no string quartet is better than its weakest member. The truth of this statement is obvious because, in the quartet, the ability of the individual player is so exposed. Although it is not so obvious, this statement is nevertheless equally true about an orchestra.

It seems that many members of amateur organizations, school orchestras, and not a few who aspire to a professional standing, have an erroneous idea that the minimum technical proficiency required in any kind of ensemble playing is not at all necessary in the orchestra since, in the group, one covers the other players' shortcomings. However, it does not happen to be so, and anyone with fairly discriminate musical taste will agree with me that there is no more atrocious sound than, for instance, imperfect playing in unison. In the orchestra, **ANY SINGLE PLAYER** with the slightest deviation from pitch can produce a tonal disturbance contrary to the sound of the **WHOLE** orchestra.

Why should any orchestra be bad, professional or amateur? A professional orchestra might be bad because its personnel, or a part of it, is unable to meet the demands of a standard repertory within the limited time for rehearsal. The conductor is obliged to select the works not according to his players' abilities, but with an effort towards presenting the same type of programs as those presented by the finest symphonic organizations. Otherwise, the cultural function of such an orchestra does not seem to be fulfilled. However, no such considerations should cause amateur orchestras to select works beyond their technical means. This, of course, does not allow them to play poor music. Throughout the country standards will be raised by the employment of a greater number of younger, technically equipped musicians who have the proper attitude towards orchestral playing, and who understand the workings of a better orchestra; whose artistic integrity would not permit them to hide behind the back of someone else and eventually sink to a narrow professionalism (a precarious existence) at the least.

In our recent concert in Witherspoon Hall, the orchestra acquitted itself with honor which I attribute mainly to a thorough practising of the individual parts. Each student was studying his part with his respec-

tive teacher, just as he would study a solo piece. I find this study not only helpful for its immediate purpose, but consider it highly beneficial material for general technical advancement for the student. Hence, our rehearsals are made more productive, allowing me, as conductor, to concentrate on fine points, the real purpose of an orchestral rehearsal. In other words, I believe that what the young player lacks in ability when compared with experienced professional players, he must make up with individual work.

In order to weld a group of players into a playable and responsive instrument in the hands of a conductor, a degree of alertness and concentration is necessary which not everyone is willing or able to give. Beating the time, giving the cues, etc. (important as these may be) are only a secondary function of a conductor. I have heard excellent performances of a conductorless orchestra in Moscow. Their **STRONGEST** point was the rhythmic precision, because their ensemble was based on listening and on exact knowledge of the relationship of one part to another.

The principal function of a conductor is to draw out of the orchestra the precise sounds that correspond to his artistic intentions. A choice of a tempo and particularly subtle deviations from an established tempo, tonal balance, tonal coloring by means of bringing out one set of instruments and subduing others, are but a few of the means at a conductor's command. In order to obtain these results from the orchestra, it is necessary to have players who are trained to respond. The process of developing this degree of response is not easy.

But do the returns for such investment of time and energy justify the expenditure? What did the students get out of the rehearsal and performance by way of musical satisfaction aside from the training value? Well, they are experiencing a thrill of playing fine music in a group, music which the majority of them could not as yet perform individually. Since they have already spent a good many years conscientiously learning their instruments, I cannot think of a better way of showing them why they really expend all this effort, and perhaps stimulate them to try even harder. I felt that in the last concert we not only gave a musically satisfying performance, but also proved again that **WHEN THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY.**

BORIS KOUTZEN

The Fellowship of the Philadelphia Conservatory of Music opened its fall season by giving a tea party in October for the new students and faculty. A spirit of friendliness and unselfish interest in others permeated the atmosphere.

The annual Christmas Program was given at the Ethical Society after a gracious welcome by President Lesley Cathcart. Many members took part in the program of ensemble and solo music. Dr. Dengler led the audience in singing Christmas Carols in his inimitable way; result, we all sounded like a trained Chorus. Members and friends came to a reception at 216. Shortly, a visitor and his little helper arrived to surprise everyone.

Perhaps you have a guess:

*Tired girls were dancing with partners half dead,
While nightmares of Concerts danced round in our heads.
When what to our wondering eyes should appear,
But jolly St. Nick with his elf standing near.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.*

(Thank you B. S.)

The Christmas vacation past, we became serious once more. High lights in the Fellowship Programs included, a lecture on Contemporary Music by Perry O'Neil in which he persuaded everyone to guess the composer, as well as the title and the performers of the recordings; a fine talk on Art and its relationship to Music was given by Keith Robinson which stimulated a most interesting and lively discussion.

Mrs. Gretchen Amrhein presented a comprehensive interesting resume of a new book, "The Lowells." We music students liked this excursion into historical events describing several generations of most gifted capable, pioneers, whose descendants are men of importance today.

Gail Shoemaker and her mother, Mrs. Orlando Shoemaker, told us of the growth and development of their Marionette Shows and let us become intimately acquainted with some of their charming personages. They are interesting little characters, beautifully wrought and we hope to see "The Sleeping Beauty" soon.

Students of Dr. Persichetti's Composition Class gave a program of their most recent works. We thoroughly enjoyed listening to the results of this year's development of creative talent. Composers of the future, we salute you!!

Our famous Fellowship Dinner will take place in May and of course a good time will be had by all.

THE ROVING REPORTER

Tempo

Metronomic speed is probably the most variable and annoying element of musical execution. It is the reason for the astonishingly varied performance time given a work by two or more authentically sound interpreters. Students should beware of imitating the tempos of mature artists. It is surprising how little such tempo variation affects the listener. The important elements are rather rhythmic articulation, coordinated phraseology, melodic line and harmonic movement. What counts metronomically is the alteration of speed within a framework once a tempo is set.

Composers are often poor performers and hesitate shamefully before indicating their tempos. Even when they are capable of giving audible shape to their music, they are so occupied with the numerous details and hidden elements of the form that the flow is hampered. Usually tempo indications are put on the score after the completion of a work. At this point the composer is an interpreter. His conception now is of no more value than any other performer.

Many works have had their metronome marks inserted while being rushed to the publisher. Others have been kept long after the deadline only to have been studied metronomically by a faulty ticker.

This does not give the student the right to violate a composer's wish. But often, the tempo secret lies somewhere beyond the bracketed figure at the top of the printed page.

VINCENT PERSICHETTI

"Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into that."

—CARLYLE.

World Premier

"Anodder vodka," snarled the eminent Russian pianist, Jascha Rorowitz. "Humph! Zey vant me to play new American concerto by Jones. Based on Indian themes, yet. How zey vill laugh in Moscow."

"Easy now, J. R." purred his suave manager, Mr. Hudson. Mr. Hudson was in a good humor because he had just posed for the 'Man of Distinction,' and they let him have the drink. "Think of the furor it will cause. Famous Russian pianist gives premier of new concerto by obscure composer from Oklahoma. It will open up a new musical frontier in the Southwest." His laugh tinkled like a cash register.

"Ja, but da idiot brought zombies along to play tom-toms with orchestra. Maybe zey beat so loud, nobody hear muzik."

"Well, it's almost time for rehearsal," said Mr. Hudson. "We'd better go on over to the hall. You know how Stoblowski hates to be kept waiting."

So saying, they walked to the curb, hailed a passing taxi, and were soon deposited in front of Carnegie Hall. As they mounted the steps, they became aware of great confusion from inside. The manager of the hall came rushing out.

"Don't worry, Mr. Hudson," he panted. "We're trying to smooth things out peacefully. The whole percussion section just walked out because the Indians Jones hired to play the tom-toms got paid more than their union wages. We sent to union headquarters for substitutes, so they ought to be here any minute. Anyway, Stoblowski is ready to conduct the concerto, so you'd better get inside."

The interior of the auditorium showed signs of a recent struggle. Arrows were sticking out of the curtains, a tomahawk was imbedded in the podium, and several seats in the front row had been smashed to pieces. In the background a few Indians were quietly setting up drums, gourds and rattles. Repair men were replacing the legs on the Steinway, and over all reigned Stoblowski, in complete control of the situation, listening to the orchestra tune up.

From here it will not be necessary to continue. The noted critic, Girvil Nospmoth, ran the complete story in his column the following morning:

"Last night Carnegie Hall was thrown into an unprecedented uproar by a series of wild events. The program began quietly enough. It was after the intermission that the fireworks came. As the audience slowly made their way back to their seats, they were startled by the appearance of several Indians clad in traditional garb sitting in the percussion section.

'Another one of that cute Stoblowski's tricks,' tittered one old dowager to her friends.

The orchestra slowly assembled on stage, the battered piano was wheeled into position, the house lights dimmed. Out came Rorowitz, who bowed superciliously, and then Stoblowski. No sooner had he signaled the orchestra to begin, than there arose from the rear of the hall a loud shout. Down the aisle plummeted the pudgy figure of Pames Jetrillo, union boss.

'In the name of the law, I forbid you to continue,' he roared. 'Those Indians are non-union men, and any man that plays one note will lose his union card and be black-listed for life.'

A dreadful silence ensued. Suddenly one of the Indians leaped to his feet with a wild cry and started after Jetrillo. He was soon joined by others. It took fifty policemen to restore order, and as I understand, Jetrillo is in the hospital, where he has not yet recovered consciousness. The performance of the new concerto was cancelled, and Mr. Rorowitz was discovered two hours later by his friends, entertaining the Indians at his apartment."

BARBARA DAY

BRIGHT SAYINGS

Lauren Persichetti (age three) says the word is not "cooper(ate) - (eight)," but "cooperten"; that "ice is a piece of water"; and "a handkerchief is what you put the blow on."

Miss Christman:

"Who reformed Opera?"

Student:

"Oh! Some Cluck by the name of Gluck!"

Young singers do not often hear about the difficulties and discouragements which have plagued the road to success for many of our greatest singers. It is sometimes helpful to consider what handicaps others have successfully overcome when our own problems loom extra large.

Grace Moore's experiences as a young singer are candidly described in her autobiography. At the beginning of her vocal studies, after working with an Italian music teacher who had been described to her as "good and cheap" and with whom she had strained and pushed her voice, she found one day that she could not utter a sound. It required three months of complete silence and very slow, careful vocalizing after that to bring back her singing voice. What a period of discouragement those three months must have been!

There is also a description in Lotte Lehmann's autobiography, "Midway in My Song", of her early difficulties in learning to sing as well as with rhythm—an item of interest to many singers, I think. She did not feel she was progressing at the Royal Academy in Berlin, so she accepted a scholarship at Etelka Gerster's school where her work was so discouraging that, at the end of a year, she was told that she had worked very poorly, could not be a singer, and was coldly advised to turn to some practical career. In spite of such disheartening advice, she was determined to try again and, of course, was finally rewarded.

Back in the middle of the nineteenth century, there was a singer named Gabrielle Krauss who was for twenty-five years the leading soprano at the Paris Opera. As a girl, the directors of the Vienna Conservatory did not wish to accept her as a pupil, being unimpressed by her appearance, and saying she had no voice. But for Mme. Marchesi, who insisted on accepting her as a pupil, she might never have begun her career.

Then think of Jenny Lind, who, after singing for several years in opera in Stockholm without any knowledge of correct voice technique, found that her voice was failing her. She went to Garcia in Paris to see if he could help her. Garcia was not hopeful of restoring her voice and did not even feel that she had an unusual one. After ten months of intensive work, her voice was so much improved that she could continue her career. Then, understanding how to use her voice, she became the "Swedish Nightingale", a name which is practically synonymous with perfect singing.

During her early career, Schumann-Heink showed her fine qualities as a person and her exceptional strength of character almost more than any other singer of whom I have heard. In spite of the responsi-

bility of an unfortunate marriage and a large family, she managed to support her children by her work at the opera in Hamburg, the salary being 150 pounds a year. She also accepted all the concert engagements she could manage, besides attending to the duties of a mother and housewife, cooking the meals and washing and mending as well. The very night her eighth child was born she sang the role of one of the Rhine Maidens, and two weeks later was back again in the same role. Even at the Metropolitan her early days were full of monetary worries, and her sad private life must have been a great trial.

Some people naturally have an advantage in healthy constitutions and dispositions, but singers do not realize enough how important a part character can play in making a successful career. Not only through sheer determination, but also from thoughtful, detached consideration of their problems, and by intelligent and courageous attempts to solve them, many artists have reached success and satisfaction in their work and a richer personal development than would have been otherwise possible.

MARION BRADLEY

The Conservatory's would-be vocal aspirants are warned to confine their practicing to the privacy of their own domiciles. One of these aspirants, however, dares from time to time to practice (mezzo-voce, of course) certain vocalises or at least a do-mi-sol progression on the street or in the crowded, noisy subways and street cars. On one occasion this attempt to make the most of time caused him considerable embarrassment.

Humming a minor scale and a phrase or two from an old Italian aria on a street car one day, he was very much surprised when an elderly woman in front of him turned around and in a voice (NOT mezzo-voce) said, "Shut up." Having regained his decorum, our young singer continued his vocalizing—a little more fortissimo, just to annoy this character who seemed not to have the faintest musical strain in her calloused soul.

Not content with one biting expostulation, this non-musical crank turned to the conductor as she alighted from the car and said (not pianissimo), "I don't know why we have to be bothered with drunken singers on these street cars!"

Our would-be aspirant, cold, sober, and alighting at the same stop, retorted with a terse rebuke and stomped off down the street. He still takes a chance and is now practicing Brahms Lieder on the subway.

BOB HEARN



Variation



Junior Notes

The place — room eleven. The time — twelve noon on Saturday. Nine people of various ages are seated before a desk and behind this desk stands a pleasant young teacher. In case you haven't already guessed, this is the setting for the weekly theory class conducted by Miss Christman. As a forerunner of the more advanced theory classes, it includes the defining of the basic fundamentals of music. The construction of the different types of scales and intervals and the recognition of song patterns are also part of the required curriculum.

For the most part, the atmosphere that prevades is light, for all of the students feel free at any time to question and discuss anything which they do not understand. They know that Miss Christman is only too glad to answer their inquiries and welcomes their questions.

Some of the students wish to become concert pianists, others teachers, but no matter what field of music they undertake, they find the theory class invaluable. In all, this class provides one of the most interesting and enjoyable hours of the week.

ANNE MARIE KEARNEY

War No More

The United Nations has certainly done much to promote the cause of world peace. It alone, however, cannot hope to abolish war. The peoples and nations of the world must obtain a common understanding of each other before a lasting peace can be realized. One of the foremost ways of creating this understanding is through music. Haydn once said, as he was departing on a visit to England, that although he could not speak English, the people would understand him because his language was the language of music. Today, although we may not be able to speak, let us say, Russian, we CAN enjoy and comprehend the music of that country. For it is the music that serves as an international



ROBERT KEIGHTON

The dictionary defines music as a succession of tones so modulated as to please the ear.

To me, music and beauty are synonymous. All beauty contains music, and all music contains beauty. Not all of us like the same type of music. Our tastes vary just as our personalities do. While some of us look to music for stimulation, others find in it comfort and consolation. In music we see our fondest hopes and ambitions being fulfilled. Music weaves a silken net and imprisons us in the fascinating land of our imagination. We find ourselves carried away on the magic carpet of sound to different lands and surroundings. We see the Far-East with its graceful white buildings, teeming market places, and slowly moving camels. We see Old Italy as it stands on the shores of the twinkling Mediterranean. We can picture the peasants in their colorful costumes, dancing, singing, and laughing. With music, no distance is too great and no time too short.

There is no person who can say honestly that he has never heard music. It is all around us. We hear it in the voices of children at play. We hear it in the steady drip of the falling raindrop. We hear it in the surging ocean waves and in the sharp melancholy cry of sea gulls overhead. Who has not heard the sound of the wind sighing through the pine trees without realizing that it is a deep and peaceful music? The bubbling of a brook, the rustle of a leaf, the chirp of a bird—all these are music.

So none of us could honestly say that he dislikes music. For to dislike music would mean to dislike all the sounds of nature and the earth. Music was sent by God as an example of His great work. Let us treat it with the love, reverence, and respect that it deserves.

LYDIA FRUCHTMAN

Our Hall of Fame

MARGARET BARTHELL (Alumna) is now under the Management of the Associated Concert Bureau, Inc. and appeared in a recital at Carnegie Hall, September 21, 1946.

JOSEPH BATTISTA (Alumnus and past Faculty Member) is now under Judson Management. He recently played the Mendelssohn G minor and the Shostakovich Concerti with the Rhode Island Philharmonic Orchestra, Francis Madeira, Conducting.

MERVIN BERGER (Student) is the April Soloist at the Philadelphia Young Musicians Musicale.

THOMAS BROCKMAN (Alumnus) will be soloist at the Dell, Summer 1947, Dimitri Metropolis, Conducting.

JACK COWELL (Alumnus) is doing Post Graduate study in Composition with Paul Hindemith at Yale University.

WILLIAM FAIRLAMB (Student) played in January at the Tri-County Concert in Radnor and at the Guild for Contemporary Music in March.

HENRY HARRIS (former Faculty Member) now assistant professor of Piano at Iowa State Teachers College was a soloist with the Minneapolis Symphony under the baton of Dimitri Metropolis when the orchestra gave a concert at Teachers College.

RICHARD THIELE GREGOR (Alumnus) was soloist in February with the Spokane Philharmonic Symphony, Harold Paul Whelan, Conductor.

WILLIAM KAPPELL (Alumnus) gave his second sold-out Carnegie Hall Recital and will concertize throughout Europe in 1947.

BORIS KOUTZEN'S (Faculty Member) 3rd String Quartet had its first performance given in New York under the auspices of the National Association of Composers and Conductors, November 1946.

EUGENE LIST (Alumnus) after an extensive tour in the United States starts his European tour March 30, in Paris.

PAUL NORDOFF (Alumnus and former Faculty Member) had his "Every Soul is a Circus" programmed by Martha Graham in her Philadelphia appearance in March.

PERRY O'NEIL (Faculty Member) appeared January 24, as soloist in the 1st Piano Concerto of Beethoven with the Chicago Symphony, Hans Lange, Conducting.

DOROTHEA PERSICHETTI (Alumna and Faculty Member) was narrator for the Fables composed by Vincent at the December Philadelphia Orchestra Childrens' Concert, Eugene Ormandy, Conducting.

VINCENT PERSICHETTI'S (Alumnus and Faculty Member) Symphony No. 3 will be performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conducting in the Fall of 1947.

A Suite for Flute, Clarinet and Bassoon by ALFRED PIKE (Student) was performed at the Guild for Contemporary Music in March.

MADAME SAMAROFF (Faculty Member) spoke on "The Performer as Critic", at the Symposium on Music Criticism at Harvard University, May 1, 2, and 3, 1947.

ROSALIND TURECK (former Faculty Member) has given a Bach Series in the Scandinavian Countries, to be followed by a transcontinental tour of Europe.

THE ROVING REPORTER

*I'm like a wandering asteroid,
Beaten about from pillar to post;
Lurking in the deeps of space,
Lonely, cold, companionless.
I'm just a bit of cosmic dust,
Floating idly in the void,
Without a purpose or a hope,
Going down the paths of Timelessness.
I am the spindrift and the foam,
Floating on the tideless sea,
Flowing freely with the current
Cleft by prows of passing ships.*

Roy Burrell

Of late we were subject to constant attention from a group of very determined individuals who seemed to endow us with both the loquacity and experience of Ulysses in his travels and clamoured very persistently for a discourse, either verbal or written, on Chinese music (we hail from China, you see). However, apart from the fact that while in China and that was a long while, we had the good fortune or otherwise, to hear the same screeching pandemonium every day (this with no disrespect to the Chinese musicians who, to give them credit, were very zealous in their performance), we know hardly anything of the technical aspects of Chinese music. Instead, here follows, with apologies, a rather irrelevant collection of our experiences in Shanghai which we hope might interest some readers.

The city does not represent China, being a regular hodge-podge of all nationalities, and is very cosmopolitan and modern in parts. Before the war it consisted of a French concession, a nice residential district, the International Settlement under the combined control of the British, the Americans and the Chinese, and the Chinese suburbs (vast in area and population.) However, there is one factor akin to all China and very noticeably present in Shanghai, and that is the variety of smells (those that do not soothe one.) This made itself felt especially in summer when one was confronted by a different smell on every street. Variety is truly the SPICE of life.

During the war and the Japanese occupation, all the European refugees were segregated in a certain area called the Hongkew. This, incidentally, did not apply to us. There, in that Jewish ghetto, the hapless refugees lived in terrible conditions. Moreover, they were cut off from the rest of the city where, since their flight from Europe, they managed to establish connections and enterprises which provided for them their daily sustenance. In order to leave that area and commute to the city, one had to apply for a pass, and the man who issued these was a certain Japanese by the name of Goya.

This worthy was a Lilliput with illusions of grandeur. He had a striking resemblance to some of the pictures one sees in Darwin's "Origin of Species." His judgment on whether a refugee should or should not get a pass was erratic and irrational, and the poor people lined up outside his office quaked in agonies of suspense and apprehension. Being so small himself he disliked big men and rare was the occasion when a husky fellow got his pass to the city. More than that, whenever a big man entered his sanctum, Goya used to scramble up on a chair from which height he proceeded to slap the man and scream in a sort of ecstatic frenzy, "See, now I am as big as you, as big as you, I tell you!" Such cases with variations were numerous.

You should have been with us there on VJ Day. All the feelings in people that were pent up and repressed for so long were given vent and the city was one hurling mass of gay and motley crowds who jostled, shouted, laughed and cried all at the same time. Chinese, as you may know, are very partial to firecrackers and on those days every minute was punctuated with one.

When the G. I.'s and the sailors arrived, we think that no other city was more hospitable than Shanghai. Almost all the barbershops and beauty parlors were turned into bars and drinking saloons overnight in order to accommodate the thirsty heroes. It is of no importance (or is it?) that the owners of same made some very sizeable profits as the American currency changed sides and that a few soldiers and sailors died of poisoning as a result of drinking vodka that was mixed largely with methyl-achohol.

Such was Shanghai. If time would allow there are many more piquant tales of that city that could be told, but there is a certain harmony homework that has to be done for Miss Grube . . . Alas!

ROSE SCHIFFMAN and MARK TUKACHINSKY

You

You are the one person in the world from whom you can never get away. Day or night, awake or asleep, well or sick, in youth or in old age, so long as you live, you can never escape for even a second from yourself.

Now, if you had to pick out some one person with whom you were to spend the rest of your life, wouldn't you be most careful in your choice? Wouldn't you want that person to "wear well?" To have the sterling qualities of a fine character? To possess a keen intellect, a well-stored mind, and a lively interest in everything under God's Heaven? Of course you would! For you know that life with such a person would be stimulating.

Since you must bear your own company all your life, wouldn't it be an intelligent move to make yourself as interesting a person as possible? Now to be such a person requires determination only. You must be genuinely interested in persons and things. Awaken in your youth to the possibilities of your surroundings.

First, take an interest in Nature. Walk out in the country, through fields and woods, during all seasons of the year. Observe and think. In Spring watch the miracle of budding trees and of unfolding flowers; listen to the song of the returning birds; and savor the smell of the damp, rich earth. In Summer follow the intense activity of all growing things, of all the creeping, crawling, leaping, flying denizens of field and forest. In Autumn note the calm, mellow mood of Nature who, having accomplished her appointed work, rests contentedly for a little space before her long winter sleep. How like the cycle of our human life with its birth, maturity, old age, and that long sleep we call Death!

Second, take an interest in humanity. The outward manifestations—appearance, speech, actions—reveal the mental, moral, educational, and social background. Unconsciously through these outward marks every individual labels himself for all the world to read. Interpret these signs correctly, and you can judge more accurately. For much of your happiness and success in life hinges upon your ability to size up individuals and handle them accordingly.

Third, take an interest in the various arts. Architecture—there never were so many beautiful buildings and structures in the world as to-day; painting, sculpture, music (that goes without saying as it is your profession), poetry, which through the beauty of its rhythm and sound must inevitably appeal to a highly sensitized person.

Last, get into the habit of reading. Read anything that appeals to you so long as it is fine and worthwhile. But above all, read the classics, and you will greatly increase your knowledge of life, of human beings, and of what makes them "tick."

Follow these suggestions consistently, and one day you will find yourself possessed of a wealth of knowledge and understanding. You will find that you have insured your being interesting to yourself—interesting not only in youth when you are surrounded by a host of relatives and friends, but also interesting to yourself in old age when you must increasingly depend upon your own resourcefulness for company. For, remember, you are the one person in the world from whom you can never get away.

MRS. GRETCHEN AMRHEIN

*I was born in the year of good old '29,
And was said to have been quite a child.
The nurse said my hands were just simply divine;
Now—that statement is driving me wild!
For the years flew away just as fast as could be.
And my hands were my pride all the time.
Soon I learned how to count from small one up to three.
And I learned how to sing and say rhyme.
Then—one day my dear Ma heard a tale about Bach,
And she thought him a wonderful man;
So she put all her furs and her rings into hock,
And then started to work on her plan.
Well—the very next day my hands went into use,
And they haven't stopped working since then,
For I practice all day and I worry all night;
Something tells me I'm nearing the end!
So to all of you people with hands rough and red,
This poem I do dedicate.
Just be thankful to goodness you're not nearly dead
Like me—with piano my fate.*

Gilda Leshem

On Coming Through the Back Door

There is a fable about a philosophical and optimistic wag who once remarked that, between one thing and another crowding into his way of life, he didn't rightly think he'd spent enough time really trying hard to get to heaven; but, he said he made sure that he had a couple of friends wearing halos, and when his time came to apply for admission into heaven, he was counting on these friends to keep St. Peter busy at the Pearly Gates so that he could sneak in the back door.

Well, there are a few of us here who are very grateful to the friends who keep the "back door" open to let in the embryo musician. You must have heard this strain around school: "I am a bookkeeper (or clerk, or secretary, or just a high-school grad), but I love music and I want to be a musician."

The best part about it is that everyone is so kind and considerate of the limitations of that statement, even though it sometimes causes situations like the following:

Here is Student "A", about twenty years old, who has studied and "lived with" music for nineteen and three-quarter years, and is just filled with inventive, artistic musicianship.

Then we have Student "X" who just couldn't study before now, has some kind of dormant musical ability, is about—well, this or that age—and knows the sharp and flat scales; but, "don't get too involved in this 'relative harmonies' business yet." To ordinary teachers in an ordinary school, such a situation creates a problem of terrifying proportions. They write books about it, have long heated conclaves about it, and, finally, give up in despair.

But ours is not an ordinary school, and we have far, far from ordinary teachers. Available here for Student "A" are all the tools necessary to advance to that "Number One cloud dream", and Student "X" can plod happily along toward the wonderful day when hard work and contact with the art of music will eventually lead to the full achievement of—"I love music; I AM a musician."

Student "X"

STELLA FERRARI

Our Contemporary Music

The average music listener seeks in vain for familiar landmarks in the new tonal scheme of things which, so far, has been explored by our modern composers. American composers, who have so naturally been imbued with the pioneer spirit, are using short, concise, compact forms, with a minimum of thematic development and repetition. If there is repetition, it must not be too obvious or self-evident.

Sequences are frowned upon, as are the too regular four, eight, sixteen measure groupings, and the ordinary cadence is practically taboo. Old laws of harmony and voice leadings are outmoded. Fixed, too regular melody is not popular. In its place is put "line," or "figure," or contrapuntal motion and, very frequently, color or design instead of emotion.

Modern music has evolved through the process of elimination of most of the fundamentals of the past; however, new methods are not to supercede the old ones. The real necessity is to clarify the materials belonging to this age, not to return to classic methods. Many composers have studied and incorporated the more desirable of the modern methods into one style, allowing their individual style to develop naturally.

The person whose world of music begins with Bach and ends with Brahms will have rebellious reactions to our contemporary music. He tries to fit what he hears into old categories. The new must be wrong because it breaks all apparent rules. Everyone is disturbed by something he does not understand.

To the uninitiated I would suggest that a more thorough investigation be made into the possibilities of modern music. Many good books can be obtained which explain the intricacies of the new tonal systems. Some of these are: Marian Bauer's "20th Century Music", Aaron Copland's "Our New Music", Horace Alden Miller's "New Harmonic Devices", and Henry Cowell's "New Musical Resources." But the best method is listening. Perhaps at first things will seem intangible, but the ear will gradually become accustomed to this new tonal music.

Almost every composer in the past was accused of being too radical for his time. At some period in the future our contemporary music will be considered conservative.

The listener must learn the truth of Feruccio Busoni's statement, "There is nothing new under the sun—only things which have come into being earlier or later. The modern and the old have always been."

ALFRED PIKE



The materialistic age in which we live has cast its dark shadow over music, the most spiritual of the arts. A musical career today is seldom a dedication—more often a neurotic exhibitionism depending for its success on personality, pull, and publicity.

There are two important questions every aspirant for musical honors should ask himself:

1. "Do I sing (or play, or compose) because I love MUSIC, or because I love to sing (or play, or compose)?"
2. "Is my interest primarily in myself and a successful career, or in furthering and nurturing the art of music?"

I do not mean to belittle ambition or the love for performing, but it seems to me these should play a minor role in the musician's life.

The origins of our Western music are obscure, but most historians favor the theory that it arose as a means of enhancing the functions and purposes of religion. In the great schools of Greece, and earlier in the Mystery Schools and Temples of ancient Egypt and ancient Persia, music was part of the instruction given, an instruction that regarded music, science, and religion as having a common source. That source was the spiritual world.



A materialistic age pays little attention to spiritual matters. However, many people today, appalled by the terrifying holocaust we have just been through, have begun to ask questions a materialistic world conception cannot answer.

Everyone fortunate enough to be gifted for music, to have the opportunity to live with/for music, can help dispel the shadow of materialism, can help to answer the questions of those who seek something materialism cannot give.

We can do this by remembering ever the divine origins of music, so that, in teaching, performing, or composing, there will be felt a reverence for the art that has brought joy and comfort to man through all centuries.

We must make sure the BEING of MUSIC ITSELF speaks through the music we make, for then it will become impossible to USE music for purposes of self-expression, self-seeking, self-adulation.

Let us seek consciously to permeate music with the spirit to save it from becoming a dead and lifeless art. In so doing we further not only the evolution of music, but that of mankind, to whom all art was—"in the beginning"—entrusted.

PAUL NORDOFF

Footnote: The author is indebted to the work of Rudolf Steiner through which the convictions expressed in this article were inspired.

As a member of the alumni for 10 years, it is a pleasure to give expression to my "alma mater di musica."

It is true that a house built on a rock foundation will not be torn or uprooted by the winds of time. It is also true that, although we learn by experience, it is only those of us who have been guided in youth by a strong hand who can in turn give of themselves to others in age.

Within the art, as in any phase of wisdom, we have many who acclaim a public name. These personalities we honor and respect for the loyal and unselfish giving of their lives to the purpose of art.

We have, also, those who never claim the public, but who serve just as faithfully and sincerely in the true art.

One master, Robert Schumann, said, "Genius creates, talent struggles." It seems that these two elements might somehow mingle together. When one creates, does not one struggle? Likewise, does not a struggle bring forth a creation in some form? Why then did Schumann put the two phrases in the same breath? And if he meant them to be contrasting, such as the two main themes of our beloved Sonata form, does not the Sonata have coherency?

Thus, in this respect, it can be said of the Philadelphia Conservatory that through its doors into the profession of music have walked many of both genius and talent.

When an organization of learning has done this, it has accomplished the ultimate.

With each year of continued service to the art of music, we come to feel the security of knowledge and the confidence of expression that was instilled in us as students at the Philadelphia Conservatory.

May I take this chance to thank the Directors and Faculty for the truth of the learning that they so willingly gave me and to the entire school for the personal warmth and noble atmosphere that surrounded me as a student and that has protected me as a professional.

May I also wish the Conservatory endless nuclei for genius and talent and unending success in the development of the living art—music.

JANE M. KOLB

The annual series of Faculty Concerts in memoriam of M. Sophia Ezerman opened auspiciously at Witherspoon Hall, February 18, 1947. The first concert featuring a program of Chamber Music presented the Ravel Sonata for violin and cello, Boris Koutzen and Elsa Hilger; the Hindemith Sonata for Piano four hands, Dorothea and Vincent Persichetti; the Koutzen Duo Concertante, Boris and Inez Koutzen; the Franck Quintet in F minor, Boris Koutzen, William Bless, Samuel Roens, Elsa Hilger and Allison R. Drake.

The second concert at the Ethical Society Auditorium, February 26, consisted of a piano group of Scarlatti and Haydn played by Lesley Cathcart; the Brahms A major Sonata performed by William Bless and Evelyn Christman; a Rachmaninoff group by Joseph Arcaro; and the Franck Sonata in A major by Oletah Dietrich and Annetta Lockhart.

A piano recital by Claire Schapiro took place at the "Ethical Society" March 5, and included works of Haydn, Brahms, Chopin, Liszt, Prokofieff, Gershwin, and Liapounov.

The fourth concert presented the Philadelphia Conservatory Orchestra under the direction of Boris Koutzen at Witherspoon Hall on March 10 and consisted of the Vivaldi Concerto Grosso in D minor, followed by the Haydn Concerto in D major for which Elsa Hilger was the cello soloist. Then the Bach concerto in D minor for piano, Allison R. Drake soloist, was followed by the Mozart Symphony in G minor, bringing to a close not only an artistic achievement in student orchestral performance but also a most interesting and sincerely presented series of concerts heard by large enthusiastic audiences serving as a real inspiration to all.

THE ROVING REPORTER

"Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret recesses of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul graceful of him who is rightly educated."

—PLATO

Spike Jones, Twentieth Century Jongleur

Whether they know it or not, Spike Jones and his band of City Slickers are the professional descendants of those wandering minstrels who travelled from one market place to the other in the days of Richard the Lion-hearted. The beloved vagabonds of the thirteenth century and the personnel of the contemporary "Music Depreciation Revue" have more in common than one would suspect.

In the time of the first Crusades, the minstrels and jongleurs were welcomed everywhere, be it village, tavern or baron's castle. They came dressed in their traditional gay, gaudy costumes to sing and jest, to juggle and tumble, to dance and tell stories. The arrival of these itinerant musicians brought lively entertainment in a day when entertainment came but rarely. It was a treat that everyone enjoyed, serf and noble alike. According to tradition, the minstrel had to be able to play nine instruments. He was certainly a versatile fellow. His place in society, however, was questionable. The irregularity of his life and the irreverence of some of his songs and stories were frowned upon by the Church. In spite of this, he still maintained his popularity with the people. An idealized picture of the minstrel has come down to us in the "Juggler of Our Lady," one of the most beautiful stories from the Middle Ages.

With the motion picture, the radio and the theatre, the opportunities for entertainment in the modern world are beyond the wildest dreams of the thirteenth century. This has altered the life of the musician-entertainer to a considerable degree. It has given him more competition and, on the other hand, has introduced him to a greater number of people. Today, the City Slickers obviously do not travel from one city square to another. They board a train or a plane and travel from the theatre to the motion picture lot and again to the recording studio, making a kind of music, going through their slapstick routine and giving the audience a lively time. Like the jongleur of old, however, these men can sing and jest, juggle and tumble, dance and tell stories. They are versatile and popular fellows. Their broad humor and their incomparable musical parodies are very much akin to the crude riddles and parodied songs of their medieval predecessors. Richard of England would certainly have found Spike Jones very amusing. It is interesting to note that the City Slickers uphold the time-honored minstrel tradition of wearing motley costumes. Their garments are indescribable, adding to the general sense of hilarity and festive confusion. No gentleman of distinction would consider such ensembles.

There have been no profound works of art left to us by jongleurs. It is doubtful if we will get one from Spike Jones. It is also doubtful if Mr. Jones cares, and this adds to his charm. He is not at home in the rarefied heights of artistic expression. But he has had the pleasure of giving a fair percentage of the population a roaring good time. That is a considerable accomplishment for anyone.

EVELYN M. CHRISTMAN

Every other Monday night one sees an interested group gathering in the concert room at 216. Madame Samaroff's Monday evening Musicales are a most valuable experience for performer and listener as well. At this time her students are offered an informal opportunity to play as often as they are prepared. Sometimes one of Madame's Juilliard students has done an especially fine piece of work and is invited to play in the musicale.

The more these ardent, ambitious piano students of Madame Samaroff have accomplished, the happier she seems to be. What matter if the program is an hour and a half or two hours, or a little plus or MINUS? That newly learned, seldom heard composition or concerto, or contemporary work can always find its niche in the evening's music program. Important works of Bach, Sonatas and Concerti of Mozart and Beethoven; Haydn; the romantics, including Schumann and Chopin, Mendelssohn and Franck were heard. Some of the contemporary works included Hindemith Sonata No. 1, Prokofieff Sonata No. 2, 3, and 7, Barber Excursions and Bartok Folk Songs. Concerti by Prokofieff, Shostakovich, Khatchaturian, and Kabelefsky were brilliantly played and exciting to hear.

The ambitious student who is a performer should also be an interested listener. Much can be gained in hearing the varied repertoire presented these evenings as well as by trying to evaluate the musical growth each student makes as the season progresses.

After each program Madame says in her cheerful, purposeful voice, "Now I want to give some criticism. Who is first? Come with me." In a back room each student receives the precious ideas in the form of constructive criticism from the Master Pedagogue. Her sincerity, active interest, and real wisdom are of inestimable value.

A spirit of adventure is felt in the expectation of hearing the seldom heard, a "first" performance, the newly printed, as well as the old favorites. The variety and wealth of piano literature heard, reward and enrich the lucky listener.

THE ROVING REPORTER

Music Should Be Fun!

You have heard frequent references concerning "the serious musician." Those of us who make our living at music naturally must have a really serious attitude toward our work, or we would be completely lost in a field which is as highly competitive as ours. We are prone, however, to be so obsessed with maintaining high standards of artistic performance that we forget that music is for pleasure and relaxation.

I have never been impressed with that old adage "art for art's sake." You can put your finest masterpieces of music, painting and literature on some uninhabited island, and what good are they? Art is for MAN'S sake, and his enjoyment of it is more important than mere artistic perfection by itself. As artists and musicians, we should get more real fun out of it ourselves, so that those around us can catch a little of the inspiration and joy which we experience. That doesn't mean that we should be frivolous about it—although frivolous music has its place, even for the so-called "serious" musician.

Life is a trying and neurotic experience today, and we need music as a relaxation more than ever. We need more community singing, more amateur bands and orchestras—all performing just for the pleasure of it. We need more house-music—music of our own, far more than we need professional symphony orchestras and the "canned stuff." We need to put our young school-trained singers back into church choirs, where they have been replaced by (second rate?) "professional" quartets. (We might have both).

As I started to say, more people should make more music—and "MUSIC SHOULD BE FUN!"

BRUCE C. BEACH

ODE TO A STUDENT (Ear Training)

*Hopes to one day be a scholar
All he does all day is holler.
Do-Re-Mi-Fa in his ears.
So attentive he appears
But his thoughts are far away
On what he'll have for lunch today.*

Pat Prendergast



ELIZABETH GRAFE STOUT



ELIZABETH KERR MacFARLANE



GLADYS SPRAGUE STORY



HELEN P. MOLT



JON CARLIN

SISTER M. DOLORITA, I.H.M.

SISTER ST. EILEEN, I.H.M.

CULTURAL LECTURES AND THE FOUNDATION COURSE

OLGA SAMAROFF

DOMENICO VITTORINI

ALLISON R. DRAKE



First row, (l. to r.): E. DE SANCTIS, M. TIMMINGS, F. EGGLESTON, P. NEIGHBORS, DR. VITTORINI, MADAME SAMAROFF, A. R. DRAKE, C. THOMSON, B. KUHN, S. STONE.

Second row, (l. to r.): S. ANDERSON, MRS. JAMES, M. BOVE, J. COPPALINO, S. DOROGI, D. MENCHER, M. JOHNSON, MRS. MARKS, MRS. LINCK, R. MANSELL, G. STORY, G. REEVES, M. BERGER.

Third row, (l. to r.): S. DICK, L. DUNLAP, P. DOUGHERTY, MRS. LOEB, T. PRIES, J. PALMER, MRS. BARTSCHI, R. HUSTON, J. HAMILTON, B. HEARN, V. NOUSKHAJIAN, M. TUKACHINSKY, R. BERRY.



PHILADELPHIA CONSERVATORY ORCHESTRA
BORIS KOUTZEN, Conductor

Assisting Artists

Allison R. Drake, Piano

Elsa Hilger, Cellist

Witherspoon Hall

March 10, 1947

INSPIRATION

*Apollo, my Apollo,
Oh, come to me tonight,
All atremble I await thee
In the softly faded light.
With ardent arms embrace me
Like a lover holds his lute,
And pluck upon my heart strings
A song of songs long mute.
Oh heart, be calm within me,
Pillow'd close against your breast,
As stirs that lilting rhythm
That long has been at rest.*

*As the melody pours forth,
'Tis wing'd, a song at birth;
It soars above the moon and stars,
Beyond the reach of Earth.
High above at breathless height
The notes are wild, untame—
Like Acestes' fiery arrow,
Each trill becomes a flame.
When at last the Dawn appears,
Our harmonies become,
Fuel on the burning altar
For the Earth's morning sun.*

Laure B. James

"MUSIC AND YOU"

*To dream of you is like a song,
A smooth and rhythmic beat
The mood is slow,
The pulse is strong
Where chorus and prelude meet.
The plots are equal, a boy, a girl,
Whose story is defined.
Their griefs and laughs
The notes and staves
By which their lives entwine.
The mood does vary, the brass blurts out
There's noise and turbulence.
Quickened pace*

*O'er the chords they race
And then the strings commence.
A stillness settles, your minds relaxed
In a mood so strangely new,
And as every strain
Slides to my brain
The Music is changed to you.
A symphony is not enough
Nor a hundred violins
Could tell me when
The Music stops
And my love for you begins.*

Bart Anello

THE ROAD OF LIFE

*There are many paths that lead to the road of life.
Who knows which path will lead to fear or strife?
Which one was made for me to take?
The one is good for my own sake.
There comes a time in each man's life; then only he shall know
If he will make himself his friend or long and hated foe.
There is a path with pitfalls, a lane where lovers call
And, blindly stumbling as they go, they give their very all.
The path that's lined with beauty and piled with many treasures,
May leave you all too soon without your long sought pleasures.
I'll endure the many hardships here
And never utter words to make unwanted fear.
I'll make this long-sought journey without friends,
And follow only those long and well-known trends.
When I have traveled o'er that road; then I shall say,
May I stay here till there comes an everlasting day?*

Dottie May Whitaker



Glimpses of the Seniors

Many aspiring students are looking forward to the day when their required amount of work for graduation will be completed. They visualize this as a goal which represents the peak of their efforts and the end of their struggles.

But the seniors have an entirely different outlook concerning graduation. To them it is only a beginning rather than an ending. They have realized that four years of study furnish merely a foundation upon which to build their futures. Their entire lives lie ahead of them to be molded according to the paths they choose to take. The course will not be an easy one for they are no longer dependent on well-wishing advisers and classmates. They must stand on their own and face this challenge as individuals.

Interviews with the seniors revealed that they are prepared to accept this challenge even though they are hesitant as to their final goals in life.

John Carlin's interests are very diversified, but he believes that his greatest satisfaction will be derived from teaching—"in making a student aware of the hidden values of musical accomplishment." He would also like to be a vocal accompanist. John has two outstanding domestic hobbies—cookery and interior decorating. Some of his happiest moments are spent preparing new concoctions and redecorating his apartment. He loves to spend hours fathoming the laws of psychology and philosophy. His analytical mind even penetrates through his features. (Ed. Note. See the above pose.)



Helen Molt plans to continue studying by working for her Master's degree. She, too, hopes to be an accompanist. Eventually she wants to return to Florida and set up her own teaching establishment there. Helen's heart lies in the land of sunshine, and sunbathing is one of her favorite diversions. She is also fond of outdoor sports and loves good poetry.

Betty MacFarlane would like to further her vocal training by studying opera and oratorio. She hopes to have some radio experience while studying. Someday she hopes to become a full fledged artist either in concert or oratorio work. Betty enjoys sports of any kind. Perhaps this is an outlet for her love of the dramatic. That "million dollar" smile should certainly be an advantage in obtaining a concert manager.

Gladys Story plans to work for her Master's degree next year. She would like to continue her work as an organist and as a teacher. Her main interest lies in her children to whom she hopes to impart much of her musical knowledge. Besides being an excellent mother, this busy lady finds time for books and swimming. That laugh has certainly been a wonderful means of bringing a class to life.

Betty Stout plans to enter college in order to broaden her general education. She is interested in doing literary work in music and hopes to be an accompanist. Eventually she would like to give a series of lecture courses in musical therapy. Betty is very enthusiastic over psychology and philosophy and spends much time reading books of this nature. Swimming and dancing are among her favorite diversions. Betty, frequently called "Breathless" because of her constant rushing, has the phenomenal ability to be at the same time one of the most talkative girls at the Conservatory.

BETTY STOUT

Music and Education

Getting educated used to be, and still is, a highly competitive business. The teacher would ask a question, and the person who knew it would "trap" to the head of the class. Even today we separate a group into sections on the basis of the I. Q. of each individual. Yes, competition is the key-word used, yet everyone today is talking about cooperation. Concepts like "world democracy," the "United Nations," and "the brotherhood of man" are no longer a philosophy but are becoming an actuality. How does music fit into this cooperative scheme? Perfectly. Consider a band, chorus, or orchestra. Here is a group of people in the most democratic and cooperative situation that anyone can conceive. All of them are bound to the same fundamental pitch—let us say 440A. No one would even think of changing his individual pitch to 436A and perform in the group. Tempo is established by the conductor regardless of all the subjective tempi of the players. Dynamics are religiously observed by everyone. No one goes off by himself on a violation of dynamic markings. The individual is subservient to group response. Group response is in turn subservient to the immutable demands of pitch, intensity, melody, harmony, tempi, and rhythm, etc.

Music is uniquely fitted for the new education: i. e., everyone in the group must achieve a certain goal through cooperative action. This means the good ones must help the poor ones. There must be more drill and drill and drill to achieve perfection. With this system we will lose such common words as introvert, extrovert, snob, brilliant, and clever. With it will come a real democracy in action and not a democracy in words. Do not forget what "it" means. "It" is cooperation of all pupils in all school subjects for the betterment of the group.

CLYDE R. DENGLER

ODE TO A STUDENT

(Counterpoint)

*Constantly he nurtured fear
Of punctum contra punctum.
He did fine work throughout the year—
But—all his tests—he flunked 'em.
Although he doesn't fare so well,
He won't begin to cuss.
For even though things aren't so swell
They could be whole lots wuss.*

PAT PRENDERGRAST

The staff of "Variations" would like to take this opportunity to thank our many friends who have made this book possible.

Mrs. Drake's constant attention and help led the spirit of interest which pervaded the entire faculty. The office force cheerfully took care of many details, and Mr. Landenberger's bright posters announced the progress of our venture. Shirlee Stone and Emelia De Sanctis gave hearty support to our ad section.

Thanks to all of you!

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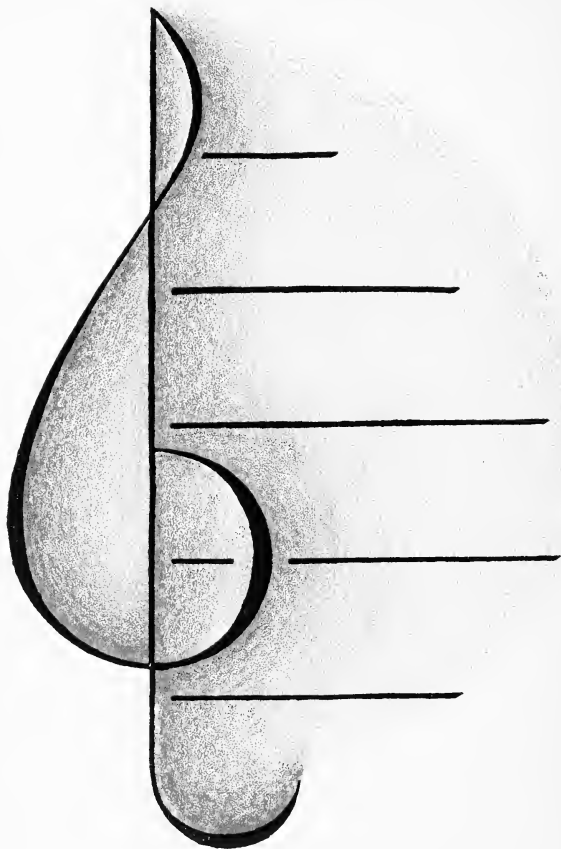
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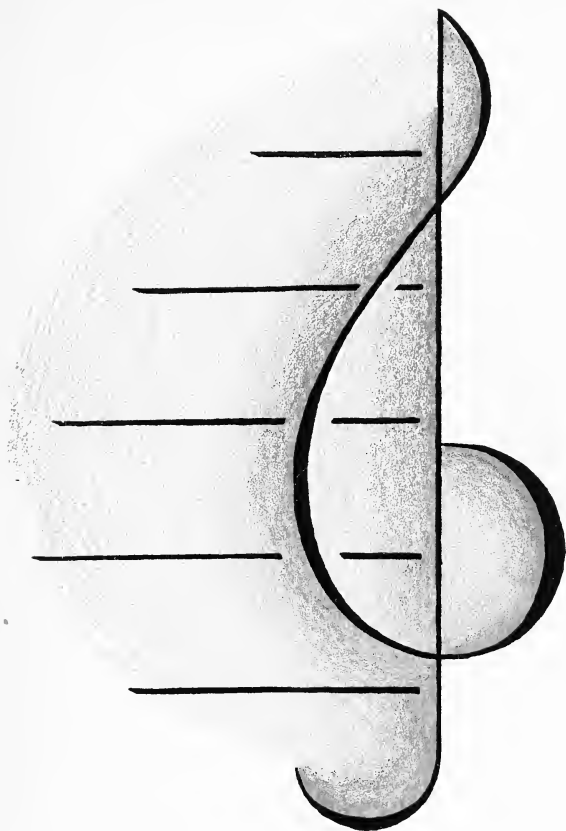
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Variations for Piano
Vincent Persichetti



